UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Future of Liberal Protestantism
- - - - *By Albert C. Dieffenbach*

Religion's Most Dangerous Rival
- - - - - *By Louis L. Mann*

Robert G. Ingersoll—The Great Infidel
- - - - *By George L. Thompson*

The Sacrilege at San Jose - *By Robert Whitaker*

New Light on the Sacco-Vanzetti Case (Book Review) - - *By Elizabeth Glendower Evans*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

What Chance Has Youth?

The year 1917-1919 were shot through not only with machine-gun bullets but with an idealism which has not been substantiated in the last decade. High school students fifteen years ago were handed words in this fashion, "Young people, you are the hope of the world!" Flashing eyes, steady tread, throbbing bodies responded to this idealism, and what happened?

Youth found looming up before it a patriarchal property and social system already dead, but refusing to be buried. It found an economic system dry-rotting on its hands, offering no security or freedom of work-choice, consequently no freedom of mate-choice. It found the patriarchal papas, whether economic, political or social (often the three-in-one), so intrenched in power, so engrossed with golf, or bridge, or red tape, or ticker tape, that they were not in the least concerned with "the hope of the world." At the Conference for Youth Leaders, held at the Riverside Church, New York, October 6-7, for the purpose of relating youth to realms social, economic and political, the "youth" were complacently told that though they had "nothing but their ideals and enthusiasm to give" they should give that. Most of the speakers did not specify for what purpose they should give their enthusiasm, but since the "Young Republican Club" and lately the Fusionists, were so highly exalted, it behooved those listening to words of wisdom to follow in their tracks with their "idealism and enthusiasm," since they "had nothing else to offer." What a commentary!

The leaders of that "conference" apparently never realized the bitterness of the class struggle that is daily growing more bitter. They could scarcely have understood sufficiently that those who in high school fifteen years ago were told the same story and since then have honestly attempted to carry their idealisms into life were being slowly but surely frozen out of intellectual posts entirely or gradually forced back into the proletarian class, with menial jobs or no jobs at all. They

(Continued on page 167)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXII MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 1934 Number 10

THE OFFENSE

I know not how to tell my inward grief
When I review the world in which we live;
I am so impotent, and life so brief,
And even thought so often seems a sieve
Through which the flow of feeling runs away
Into the sands of sleep that bound the day.

The very shells with which I seek to play
Whisper the sobbings of the restless deep
Whose boundless distances of lowering gray
Blend with the sky's interminable sweep,
And when an hour I push me out from shore,
What to the sea and sky my toiling oar?

And if some unknown harbor waits before,
Surpassing all the heart's expectance here,
If disembodiment may prove a door
Out of our present hesitance and fear
Into achievement that exceeds our dreams,
Are we to so forget earth's sorry schemes—

Men's sorrier evasions of the gleams
That would have wooed them from the easier ways
Of virtues that the world full well esteems,
To serve beyond their generation's praise,
Shall we so far forget the fight we failed
That any glory, anywhere unveiled

Can quite obscure for us the good we quailed?
Or how another world's supernal bliss,
However earthly hopes and aims have paled,
Can cover heart-aches at so leaving this?
Or make us more companion with our kind,
The so-well-meaning who were yet so blind.

I know not how to tell the doubt I find
Of any future that could be so fair
The fateful mess that we have left behind,
Whatever be my individual share,
Would make it tolerable for me to face
Either my own or other men's disgrace.

Mine have been many faults, this little space
Of earth and time; and yet, though near or far
The hour of my accounting—whose the mace,
Or where the court—I fear no judgment bar
Save, for myself, and all my kin and class,
Judgment for that we left undone, alas!

ROBERT WHITAKER

UNITY is happy to be able to present a New Year's gift to its subscribers and other friends. Beginning with this issue UNITY will use twenty pages in place of sixteen as heretofore.

The famous and infamous, the noted and notorious dead of 1933 make a long and formidable list. For the first time since we began this annual necrology, we shall not be able to publish every last name worthy for some reason of mention, but we shall name enough of the great and near-great to stir interest and quicken thought. First, of course, in memory stands CALVIN COOLIDGE, late President of the United States. His reputation will by no means bulk so large in the future as in the present, but it will endure through the freak accident of great public office. Next to Coolidge we would list SIR EDWARD (VISCOUNT) GREY, of England, who will be remembered as long as history is written as the Foreign Secretary of Great Britain when the Empire plunged into the Great War of 1914. Among other statesmen, dead this past year in foreign countries, are two French premiers, GEORGES LEYGUES and PAUL PAINLEVE; two South American presidents, LUIS M. SANCHEZ CERRO, of Peru (assassinated), and HIPOLITO IRIGOYEN, of Argentina; COUNT ALBERT APPONYI, of Hungary, distinguished League of Nations advocate; BARON SCHOEN, German ambassador in Paris in 1914; PAUL PICHON, French political leader; two Englishmen, AUGUSTINE BURRELL, as famous a writer as statesman, and LORD CHELMSFORD, ex-viceroy of India; V. J. PATEL, great Indian leader; and KING FEISAL. In our own country, we note the passing of two ex-cabinet officers, THOMAS W. GREGORY, Attorney-General in Wilson's administration, and WILLIAM N. DOAK, Secretary of Labor in Hoover's; two ex-senators, HOWELL, of Nebraska, and MCCUMBER, of North Dakota; two notorious "bosses," MARTIN LOMASNEY (Democrat) and WILLIAM L. WARD (Republican); MORRIS HILLQUIT, leader of the Socialist Party in America; GEORGE L. RECORD, political reformer of heroic stature; BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS, Mormon Congressman, ousted years ago from his seat in the House as a polygamist; and JUDGE WEBSTER THAYER, of Massachusetts, destined to unenviable immortality as the judge who tried and condemned to death the martyrs, SACCO and VANZETTI.

Literature suffered grievous losses in 1933. We recall such English novelists as JOHN GALSWORTHY, GEORGE MOORE, ANTHONY HOPE (Hawkins), and STELLA BENSON, and such American novelists as ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, LEE WIL-

son Dodd, Ring W. Lardner, Earl Derr Biggars, author of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and Capt. Charles King, famous for his West Point stories. This country must also mourn Sara Teasdale and Henry Van Dyke, poets; *and* John Jay Chapman and Michael Monahan, essayists. England adds to her great novelists the preeminent critic, George Saintsbury; and the two biographers; Lord Charnwood, famous for his "Lincoln," and Leonard Huxley, equally famous for his "Life" of his father, Thomas Huxley. To these may be added Frederick W. Davis, beloved in both countries for his "Nick Carter" stories. Akin to letters is journalism, which misses some great and near-great figures—Chester T. Lord, of the New York *Sun;* Lawrence Abbott, of the old *Outlook;* Edward Marshall and Clinton W. Gilbert, correspondents; and Charles L. Knight, editor. Also, in a class by himself, Horatio Bottomley, notorious editor of *John Bull!* Among publishers we note Lord Burnham, of England; and Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Horace Liveright, Walter Neale, and Richard Roberts Bowker, of this country. And lastly Elizabeth Marbury, brilliant woman, whose friendship for authors and services in their cause rate her a literary figure. Akin, again, to letters is scholarship! Here are to be remembered such distinguished dead as George Herbert Palmer and Durant Drake, in philosophy; James Hardy Ropes and Arthur C. McGiffert, in theology; Sir Arthur Thomson and Frederick Starr, in the sciences; Henry Walcott Farnum and James L. Laughlin, in economics; Irving Babbitt and A. H. Thorndike, in literature; and Sir John Fortescue, English historian. Lastly, in the field of education, is John Grier Hibben, late president of Princeton University.

The church mourns many leaders. Preeminent among them, all in this country, Felix Adler, William S. Rainsford and Charles H. Parkhurst! Close to these are Nehemiah Boynton, distinguished Congregationalist; and William R. Moody, successor to his great father at Northfield. Also to be named are I. M. Haldeman and Alfred W. Wishart, Baptists; Henry Howard, Presbyterian; Thomas E. Potterton, Universalist; Thomas S. Byrnes and Elmer S. Forbes, Unitarians; Bishop Hugh L. Burleson, Episcopalian; and Henry Frank, independent. Abroad we note the preeminent names of Annie Besant, Theosophist. Also Henry T. Hodgkin, founder of the English Fellowship of Reconciliation and heroic missionary; and John McNeill, Scotch evangelist. With religionists may well be named a group of women who functioned nobly in the field of social service and public reform. Thus, Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, one of the ablest women of her time; Mrs. Jacob H. Schiff, generous philanthropist; Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, suffrage leader; Rose Pastor Stokes, Socialist; Sara C. Clapp, saintly social worker in New York; and Mary E. Lease, radical leader in the old Populist days. Abroad, we remember Clara Zetkin, German Communist, happily dead in these days of the Hitler terror. From religion, also, art is not so far removed. So we may name here an illustrious group—John Tweed, English sculptor; James E. Kelly, American sculptor; George B. Luks, American painter; Charles A. Platt, American painter and architect; Joseph Urban, immortal designer; E. W. Kemble, beloved illustrator; James L. Greenleaf, landscape artist; Paul Van Dyye, art critic; and Louis C. Tiffany, famous representative of a famous family. And music! We mourn a notable group of singers—Marcel Journet, basso; Maurice Renaud, baritone; Orville Harrold, tenor; Selma Kurz, Wagnerian soprano; Florence Hinkle, oratorio soprano. Also, two great violinists—Wilby Burmester and Anton Witek. To these we add Emil Oberhoffer, director of the Minneapolis orchestra; John Frederick Wolle, the great Bach chorister of Bethlehem; Adam Geibel, organist and song composer; and Milton Aborn, popular operatic impresario.

The dead in the theatre and "movie" field are numerous. Preeminent among actors is the late E. H. Sothern. With him must be named William Courtney, Joseph Kilgour, Arthur Forrest, Jefferson de Angelis, Fred Terry (Englishman), and Marie Cahill. "Movie" stars who have passed into darkness include Ernest Torrence, John Pickford, Renee Adoree, Louise Closser Hale, and the notorious "Fatty" Arbuckle. Among playwrights dead are James B. Fagan, Paul Kester, Louis Shipman, Clay M. Green, and the distinguished English dramatist, Alfred Sutro. To these must be added two important dramatic critics, J. Ranken Towse and Alolph Klauber, the latter also a producer. We do not just know why the theatre suggests the army and navy—but 1933 saw the passing of some notable military figures! These include two World War heroes—Field Marshal Sir William Robertson and Baron Wemyss, English Admiral. Also, we note Hans von Bulow, German General, and Nicholas Yudenitch, Russian "white." The U. S. Navy lost Admiral John A. Rodgers; and Rear-Admiral Moffett, the latter killed in the "Akron" disaster. Next, we pass to the world of business. From this field have passed Charles W. Morse, financier and convict; Francis H. Sisson, banker; Edwin Gould, of the famous Gould family; Charles H. Sabin, banker; Henry D. Dix, enlightened and philanthropic manufacturer; and Sir Henry W. Thornton, of the Canadian Railways. Lastly, we must record that curious and frequently impressive group whose names defy classification—Mrs. Corrine Robinson, sister of "T. R."; the

Grand Duke Alexander, Russian exile; the Duke of Abruzzi, Italian explorer; F. L. Odenbach, inventor of the seismograph; Lady Cynthia Moseley, of England; Mrs. George A. Custer, of "Boots and Saddles" fame; Mrs. Julia Foraker, Washington hostess in the late Senator's days; William Thomas Turner, captain of the ill-fated "Lusitania"; Simeon Ford, incomparable wit; Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of his immortal sire; Sir Henry Royce, perfecter of the Rolls-Royce automobile; Russell Boardman, aviator; James J. Corbett and "Young" Stribling, pugilists; William Muldoon and William O. Hickok, athletes; Tim Keefe and Mike Donlin, baseball stars; S. Johnson Poe, football hero; and—Texas Guinan.

It is now clearly manifest that not only is the honeymoon period of the Roosevelt administration over, but also that the inevitable split in the Democratic Party has come. It is a sober fact of history that the Democratic Party, since the passing of the slavery issue, has never been able to be united within itself. In the South, the Party is the reactionary survival of the Civil War; in the North, it is the militant organ of urban industrialism; in the West, it is the rallying ground of agrarian discontent. Local interests have always torn it asunder. Thus, the traditional free trade policy of the Democracy has broken down in Louisiana; the gold standard phalanx of New York has met head on against the free silver legions of Colorado; the "drys" of North and South Carolina are hopelessly at odds with the wringing "wets" of New York and Massachusetts. Under the stress of the depression, Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have welded together the divided ranks of his motley supporters, but it was a union only in appearance. Now the most formidable leader of the Democratic Party has broken with him. "Al" Smith's denunciation of the President's money policy, followed by his terrific blast against the Civil Works program, marks the opening of an internecine war which may well surpass the fury of the Taft-Roosevelt feud before it is done. Curious that both Roosevelts should thus become involved in party strife! But this Democratic fight, as we have said, was inevitable. If Smith had not led the attack, some other Democrat would surely have done so. But Smith, of course, gives to the assault a power it could never have had otherwise. "Al" is a formidable fighter, and he has a hold upon the public mind which no other political figure of our time can match. Father Coughlin may vilify with familiar demagogic skill, Speaker Rainey may rage in partisan dismay, the President himself may hurl epithets and display bad temper, but Smith still stands for what he is—the most potent opponent that any administration can meet. It is not impossible that the whole recovery program may be wrecked by this civil war inside the Democratic Party.

The reassembling of Congress promises an event of momentous consequence to this nation and to the cause of democracy throughout the world. It may be that we shall have in this session of the national legislature an answer to the question as to whether the representative form of government is going to survive, at least in the United States. That Congress will eat out of the President's hand this year, as it did last year, is of course impossible. The representatives and senators have rediscovered in the last few months that they have some constitutional rights, and many of them will want to use these rights in ways not altogether favorable to Mr. Roosevelt. This will make for delay at a time when delay may seem dangerous to the administration. Furthermore, there will inevitably come confusion from the conflict of party groups. There will no longer be united support of the President as in March last, nor even the familiar two-party contention of Republicans and Democrats. On the contrary, there will be Roosevelt Democrats against Smith Democrats, and conservative Republicans against progressive Republicans. There will also be the inflationists against the anti-inflationists, and the farm interests against the industrial interests. This will make for more delay, and may in the end land the government in chaos. In such a situation, with the relief program just swinging into its final testing period, what would happen? Would Roosevelt allow his program to go on the rocks? Would the people, still rapturously behind the President, tolerate Congressional interference with the Executive? Has Congress the power, in days like these, to maintain its place in the federal system of government? Is it possible that, in a crisis, the President would order the adjournment of Congress, and disperse its members by resort to military force? Such a *denoument* of the impending confusion in Washington seems of course preposterous. But it may be well to remember that these are times when things are happening which are not only preposterous but absolutely incredible.

Jottings

The New Year, 1934, marks the twentieth anniversary of the Great War. And still must it be said of our world what Jesus said of Jerusalem—that it knoweth not "the things which belong unto peace!"

We cherish any clergyman who has a sense of humor. The vicar, for example, who writes to the London *Times:*

> Sir,—I have an easy way of putting myself to sleep.
>
> I say over to myself in bed the sermon that I propose to preach next Sunday, and I am asleep in no time.
>
> Yours faithfully, F. G. Breed.
>
> The Vicarage, Clayton-le-Moors, Accrington.

The theological disputes of the Middle Ages weren't so bad—not as compared with the economic disputes of this day and generation. The theologians at least knew more about God and angels than the economists do about gold and dollars.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* heads an editorial, on the popular majority for repeal of the 18th Amendment, "History's Greatest Popular Majority." The figures show a vote for repeal of 20,873,750, and a vote against repeal of 14,893,233—a majority of about six million. But what is this as compared with Hitler's 93 per cent majority in the recent elections in Germany?

Putting Senator Huey Long into the Social Register in Washington looks to us like putting the pig into the parlor.

The discussion of foreign missions still goes on, but always with avoidance of the main question. Yet this question is unavoidable—with what propriety does a world, guilty of the sins of which Christendom is guilty, undertake to carry its religion to the rest of mankind? J. H. H.

The Future of Liberal Protestantism*

There is no simple answer to the question implied in the subject of this article. It is quite easy to fabricate in one's mind a totally unreal thing and call it liberal Protestantism. People who write and speak, that is, people who depend upon words and ideas for their own satisfaction and the edification of others, need to be brought up short and required to square their rhetoric with the facts. A writer sits down with a neat home-made pattern in his mind, and makes everything contribute to the completion of his design. Much history is done in just that way, and that is why most of us hated history as it was taught.

It is one of the banes of having to do with manuscripts and listening to addresses on religious themes that people engaged in the pious art have a hard time looking at the things objectively. They cannot keep themselves out. It is especially true in religion that even when there is a body of actualities on a given subject, the materials are steeped in the mind of the author or orator who gives you a highly colored personal picture. There has never been a good biography of Jesus, for example, because the inspired literary persons insist upon making him appear as they have conceived him, which means generally in the light of their own ideals and prejudices, and not according to authentic records of his life if, indeed such are to be found.

And this I say by way of inverted praise of a new spirit in the so-called religious world which has recently expressed itself in two reports which deserve the widest recognition. The Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry told the truth and pretty nearly the whole truth about missions, after a prolonged and searching study on the fields. The Institute of Social and Religious Research published a book, "The U. S. Looks at Its Churches," by C. Luther Fry, which is a scientific study of conditions as they are, with figures and deductions therefrom utterly without the taint of emotion and wishfulness. So you have it at home and abroad. I have been exceedingly profited by reading these and kindred reports, such, for example, as the Social Trends of President Herbert Hoover's commission.

I come back to the question, What is liberal Protestantism? with less assurance than when I talked blithely, not to say eloquently, in the innocent vanity of my imagination. It is not that I find the subject elusive; it is complex. Can any Protestant church be liberal? This is Luther's anniversary year; after the not inconsiderable stretch of four and a half centuries, one may ask if the change he wrought is in any sense liberal. It is a triumph of individualism with a few individuals, the cynic would say, dominating all the rest, especially in the daily competition of getting enough to eat.

In organized religion the Reformation has produced a multiplicity of sects that is more in number today than ever before, in spite of all the church federations and unions that seem on scientific inquiry to be much less than hard facts and a little more than thin air. It would be absurd to call such things liberal. There is, of course, more of tolerance in religion and the churches, but tolerance after all is an attitude of the heart and one may be the most kindly and indulgent soul toward opposing believers without being liberal at all.

A liberal believes something. What is it? He has for his cardinal principle the faith that he must be free to seek truth in order that he may contribute to the common lot a good that they have never had. This man is always seeking better terms for human beings. A conservative is never doing any such thing. He holds fast to that which is good even when it begins to decay. Progress is another word though an imperfect word for liberalism; this means a steady advance, with more good for more people as its guiding star.

Is there in Protestanism this liberal disposition? It seems to me the answer is Yes, but the pace of it drags. There is no doubt that Protestants for the most part have been liberal in their inclination. They have put off old doctrines with the advance of new knowledge, and they are not afraid of truth. It is true that they still require subscription to a minimum of belief—that is, Protestantism is an authoritarian religion—but it makes little difference what the people believe, in most of the churches. While fundamentalism is still the official attitude of most Protestant ecclesiastical bodies, after all the religion of the people is official least of all. It follows that no matter what bishops, conventions and assemblies may do, the rank and file of the faithful pay little attention to these

*Fifth article in series, "Trends in Present-Day Religion." The author is Editor of Religion of the Boston Transcript; Editor of The Christian Register from 1918 to 1932; Minister Unitarian Church, Newton Centre, Mass.; Author, "Human Nature and Social Service;" "Religious Liberty—The Great American Illusion."

things. Yet it is true of the ministry that they have to be very careful of the conservative minority which not infrequently is economically influential in the congregations, and it is these few people who hold back the development which but for them would move rapidly.

Even so, the essence of human life is progress, or growth, or going on. Nothing can change that. Last night I attended a meeting of a company of men in a favored community suburban to Boston. They are neighbors and friends who foregather once a month to dine and hear a paper on a contemporary subject. Most of them are active in Protestant churches. This month it was the NRA. I was struck by the phrase used to describe the theme. It was "Whither the Road?" Now this group is for the most part conservative, in our manner of speaking. The members have prospered far above the ordinary and have every reason to be pleased with the way of the world up to the cataclysm. The leader last night was in a high degree representative of the intelligence, culture, and social viewpoint of the others. He did not rush out to embrace the dawn of a new age. Yet please look at the subject again.

It was not *"Where* is the Road?" signifying we are lost and are standing still in the dark. Nor was it *"Whence* the Road?" with a timid longing to turn back to where we were. It was *"Whither* the Road?" which means one thing. The fact became patent as the discussion went round the room. We are going on, and for most people that means a faith that we are going forward. An improved order lies before. Human nature of any degree of intelligence takes that view and behaves accordingly. Something in every man who understands life moves him wisely to new places. The spirit of adventure keeps us alive. To make all things greater is the saving instinct. We once called it pioneering. And that is why it is right and true to say that Protestantism has a future.

Protestants face the light and go that way. But here is the place to distinguish between the tempo of Protestants. Some outrun the others, and many move hardly at all. There is a solace in the fact that we get on without knowing it and accept amazing change without batting an eye. We have gone through one of the momentous revolutions of all history, without violence and indeed so quietly that probably not more than one person in ten knows that there has been a revolution at all. But those who do understand what has been occurring are not at all disturbed. A few it may be are senile and stupid and scared, but they do not count. We take the transition easily and naturally.

When we turn from our behavior in a world crisis to our religious thinking, it is also true far greater change is going on than any Protestant church dares to acknowledge in open meeting. One by one those doctrines regarded as essential to salvation have been sloughed off until there seems hardly a dogma left.

Look back thirty years when George A. Gordon of the Old South Church was educating Boston, which was then, if it is not now, the most eminent intellectual center in this country. Unquestionably it was in the forefront of theological thought. Gordon said that the miracles were not a requirement of belief. One's religion did not depend upon them at all. That was a milestone forward in theology. Just ten years ago Bishop William Lawrence, leader in a more straitly ordered communion than the Congregational fellowship of Gordon, shocked the backward among his churchmen by declaring that the Virgin Birth was not an essential belief; one might hold to the Incarnation without it. Today that doesn't worry anybody of importance. The deity of Christ is no longer emphasized in Protestant churches of the more intelligent levels. Of course, the Trinity is almost unheard of.

This I report with adequate knowledge gleaned from nearly twenty years of intimate, scrutinizing editorial activity; and I am carefully setting it into the record for fact and not as a matter of opinion. For the present, opinion is unnecessary. The steady elimination of doctrines which forty years ago constituted the ark of the covenant shows that we have been moving faster than I gave Protestantism credit for a few moments ago.

It does not follow that this bespeaks advancement, though few would seriously question that the most able persons are making such changes as I have indicated, and we associate progress with the people who lead. If giving up what was once regarded as necessary for salvation were all of it, it would not follow we were getting anywhere. It is precisely because the people who are questioning the last and most august article of faith, namely belief in God, are also positively asserting a new faith in themselves to take the place of their former confession of dependence upon a Power not themselves, that we have reason to pause. This renunciation and new self-reliance is more significant than anything which has occurred in Christian theology, because it removes the Rock. Has man come to the time when he needs no other foundation than himself? I will not venture here to say that doing so would mean progress; that is not the business of this article. But if I am asked—as in effect I am—if the trend in liberal Protestantism is away from any theistic conception of God in the sense in which the holy personal fatherly word has been used throughout Christian and Hebrew history, I must answer in an unequivocal affirmative, and with the answer make the observation that, in the case of God as in that of miracles, a diminishing number of people seem at all perturbed about it.

That this disposition grows in Protestantism I cannot doubt. And that Protestantism will have a future is as certain as that people will continue to live. What the forms of doctrine will be one might dare to foretell, if it were important to do so; it is desirable to say that whatever may happen to religious ideas and to churches, religion itself as a *raison d'être,* the ground of existence, the supreme purpose and end of obligations, is of course inseparable from human life itself. And Protestants are swiftly realizing this most basic of all religious facts and are adjusting their lives accordingly in all new ways; and by so doing they are creating a new and better world where the rule is not the outworn "greatest good of the greatest number" but the common good of all, in this present day, and in all things pertaining to both livelihood and life.

ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH.

Religion's Most Dangerous Rival*

If it were possible to ask my audience, what is religion's most dangerous rival—which it is my privilege to discuss here—I am sure that there would be a large variety of answers.

I. Many, I am sure, would say that science is religion's most dangerous rival. They would probably refer to Draper's great book, "The Conflict of Science with Religion," or to Andrew D. White's voluminous treatment of "The History of the Warfare Between Science and Theology," or to Lecky's interesting "History of Rationalism." Science, however, has been dangerous, not to religion, but to superstition. Science has been dangerous to what some people call "religion" but which, in reality, was a theology that outlived its usefulness and was about to fall because of its own inadequacy. Science, we shall see, has been religion's strongest ally.

What is science? The word science comes from the Latin, "scio," which means to know. Science is knowledge, in contradistinction to guess work and fancy. Science did not create thought. Thought created science. The science of one day and generation is not always accepted in the next, because we are living in a world of change. Science, therefore, represents the best available knowledge gained through five different steps: *observation, classification, systemization, verification* and *deduction.* Science never created a fact and it never destroyed a fact. Its sole function is to describe. Neither the Ionian physicists of ancient Greece, nor Darwin and Wallace two generations ago, created evolution. The theory of evolution is a deduction resulting from years of observation, classification, systemization, and verification of the way things grew and developed.

What is religion? For our purposes this morning we may describe religion as "man's progressive quest to express and interpret the greatest and most inclusive of all relationships—to the universe, to himself, to his fellowmen, to the power over, above, beyond, and within himself—God." Religion depends upon four steps: *thought, emotion, action* and *intuition.* It is man's adjustment, mentally, morally, spiritually, intellectually, emotionally, and practically, to the sum total of the relationships which he sustains to the universe. It is impossible to get rid of religion as long as we think, feel, act and have intuition. What science destroyed was an antiquated cosmology in which the world was a kind of two-story structure with a cellar, 5693 years old; it destroyed the six-day creation; it destroyed miracles and substituted therefor the reign of natural law; it has destroyed the idea of the fall of man by pointing to the rise of man. Man's descent is an ascent. It has destroyed the idea of original sin, superstition, and of bibliolotry. Of course there have been so-called "conflicts" between science and religion, when science dogmatized about religion and when religion dogmatized about science. Dogmatism is the enemy both of religion and of science; both of them depend upon an open mind. Dogmatism represents the closed mind. Science without religion makes a man doubly dangerous. Science with religion makes a man doubly serviceable. Religion without science makes a man a fanatic. Religion with science makes a man enthusiastically capable. Science tells what is; religion what ought to be; science has sight; religion has an insight; science describes; religion prescribes. Science has been a helpmate, not a rival of religion.

II. A recent book by John H. Randall, Jr. has said that not science, but the *science of religion* is religion's most dangerous rival. The science of religion grew out of a study of comparative religions and the history of religions. The science of religion represents an attempt to observe the growth and development of religions throughout the ages. It is true that religion had a very humble beginning in animism, ancestor worship, henotheism, kathenotheism, anthropomorphism, anthropopathism, and similar crudities. George Lyell, the great geologist who was the teacher of Darwin, once said, "It isn't man's origin, but what he is and may become that represents his greatness." Might we not say the same of religion, not its origin, but what it now is and might yet become may serve as our incentive. The science of religion represents additional knowledge of matters religious. Knowledge can never be dangerous. The lack of knowledge is. I firmly believe with the prophet Hosea: "My people die for lack of knowledge." I also believe with the Talmudist who said, "If thou hast acquired knowledge, what dost thou lack? If thou lackest knowledge, what hath thou acquired?" My religion has never put a ban on knowledge. It finds fault with people not for reading, but for not reading.

III. Some people with sons and daughters in the university would doubtless say that *philosophy* is "religion's most dangerous rival." Bacon once said, "A little philosophy will make a man a skeptic. Much philosophy will make him a deeply religious man." It is not because our young people study philosophy, but because they do not study enough philosophy, that they go through their days of skepticism and doubt which are healthy signs of mental growth. We sometimes refer to these as "intellectual measles." Philosophy deals with metaphysics, which is a quest for reality, with epistemology—the theory of knowledge; with cosmology—the origin and nature of the universe; with theories of the mind—parallelistic, interactionistic and functional; and with ethics and morality—standards of conduct and motives for service. All of these ideas form the intimate subject matter of religion, also. Nearly all of the great philosophers from Plato to Immanuel Kant were deeply religious. In the middle ages religionists quoted Aristotle's "Physics" against his "Metaphysics." Schopenhauer called religion "metaphysics for the masses," popularized, simplified philosophy. So philosophy isn't a rival of religion. Philosophy is a helpmate of religion.

IV. In many places today one hears that communism is religion's most dangerous rival because communism has all but destroyed religion in Russia. If we study this phenomenon, however, we shall understand that what was called "religion" in Czaristic Russia was not even medieval but was pagan and superstitious beyond the power of words to describe. It was used by the powers that were, to oppress, exploit, and crush the masses. Even the name of God was used as an opiate to promise the masses gold hereafter so that there might be content with hunger, poverty,

*Delivered over the nation-wide radio network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

and exploitation here on earth. Communism has many failings, but its revolt against pagan superstition which resulted in the crushing of human life should not be considered anti-religious. Communism today, in Russia, *is* a religion as well as an economic theory. The teaching of atheism is but the temporary and natural psychological reaction to the burlesque on religion that held sway in Russia for a thousand years, crushing human life and destroying human incentive.

V. We need not fear science or the science of religion, or philosophy, or communism, as rivals of religion. Religion, after all, *is the object of man's supreme devotion before which all other loyalties take second rank.* I shall, therefore, introduce what I consider religion's most dangerous rival by a remark by H. G. Wells. Said he:

> A traveler in a European railway coach can say anything he cares against God without provoking much discussion and precipitating any real danger; but let him make a slighting remark about England, France, or Italy, and real trouble will start.

This is merely another way of saying that *nationalism* has a stronger hold on most people than has religion, that nationalism is the object of man's supreme devotion, that *nationalism is religion's most dangerous rival.* The emotions associated with nationalism are profound because they are deeply rooted in man's historic past. I do not stand alone in this contention. A recent book by an Englishman named Shillito called "Nationalism, Man's Other Religion" takes the same point of view. Norman Angel's great work "Unseen Assassins" makes nationalism the most deadly enemy to world peace. An enemy to world peace is an enemy to religion. Nationalism, in itself, is not dangerous, though both of these authors feels that it is; but misguided nationalism is a danger to religion because it stirs up hatred, malice, and ill-will. Nationalism, like all else in the world, may be a blessing or a curse. It is a blessing when it maintains the psychic differentiation, or the "soul," or the culture of a people, and avoids the international Babbitization of drab monotony. Nations need individuality, personality, and identity even as do individuals, otherwise their zest, their charm, their uniqueness and their contribution would be all but obliterated. We should not file down the differences, smooth off the distinctions, rub away the uniqueness, and plane down individuality. Nationalism is a blessing when it conserves and creates the unique in art, music, literature, and philosophy.

Nationalism, however, becomes a curse and a danger when it ceases to build the structure of internationalism out of the hewn stones of nationalism. When nationalism becomes *an end in itself* it returns to its humble background of parochialism on the one hand, or dynastic despotism on the other.

The eighteenth century reached out toward cosmopolitan universalism. The nineteenth century saw a reaction toward nationalism, narrow, bigoted, fanatic. The twentieth century was ushered in with an open mind, with hopes of nations co-operating, one with another, and making a wholesome internationalism practical. The first third of the twentieth century has gone. The tendency is now unmistakable. Though the League of Nations has been called into existence, nationalism of the misguided kind has become deeply entrenched. The Biblical admonition, "Let nations remember they are but men" has been honored in the breach rather than in the performance. A misguided nationalism is the most significant emotional factor in the world today. Its tendency is to sink to the depths rather than rise to the heights. It manifests itself as a form of mob psychology. Crowds do not think; they simply act. They act not according to the highest levels found in a group, not even according to the average, but are inevitably motivated by the lowest.

The recrudescence of nationalism perverts moral standards, because it creates a double standard of morality, one for the individual and one for the nation. 'Tis the old idea of Stephen Decatur, "My country right or wrong," rather than that of Carl Schurz, "My country when right to be kept right, when wrong to be set right." 'Tis the idea that a "country can do no wrong," because it is the supreme entity. These ideas have given rise to jingoism, chauvinism, racial hatreds, and national animosities. To return for a moment to the menace of a double standard of morality, it might be well to recall that Woodrow Wilson was hailed as a messiah because of his fourteen points. Have you ever analyzed them? When reduced to simple terms they simply said, "Thou shalt not lie," "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not covet," shall apply to nations as well as to the individual. By this same token, if a man steals a loaf of bread, he is a thief; if he steals a million dollars, he becomes a philanthropist. When individuals kill one man, we call it murder; when nations kill millions of men, they call it national honor. "Wholesale murder, because of collective insanity"—and that is my definition of war—is the fruit of a misguided nationalism. Ought we not recall the words of Scripture, "Righteousness exalteth a nation (no less than an individual) and sin is a reproach to any people." A rampant nationalism such as dominates the world today has made morality between nations impossible. In the last analysis the nationalism that insists on absolute sovereignity represents a *moratorium on morality.* It is perfectly absurd to speak of absolute independence in a completely interdependent world. Every nation insists upon being the "prosecutor," "the judge," and "the jury" in all cases which involve its interest, and hence, every nation insists upon a standard of military power which renders it individually, or through alliance, superior to all others. In civic life this mood produces crime and racketeering; in communal life, it creates lynching and anarchy; in national and international affairs, it is the "secret assassin" more deadly than bacteriological warfare. No less a man than John Dewey said: "Disguise it as one may, the doctrine of national sovereignity is a denial on the part of a country of moral and legal responsibility—it is the proclamation of unlimited and unquestioned right to do what and as it pleases; it is the doctrine of international anarchy proclaimed by those who condemn it most as a domestic policy." The individual cannot do as he wants. The family cannot do as it wants. The city cannot do as it wants. The county cannot do as it wants. The commonwealth cannot do what it wants. All this is clear! But when it comes to the country, we brazenly or proudly, yet none the less ignominously and perilously proclaim that it should do *what* and *when* and *as* it likes. *National sovereignty, therefore, means international anarchy.*

In addition to all these we have a new danger visible on our national and international horizon. I

have reference to "autarchy. Autarchy means an economic state, economic self containment. It has been advocated in Germany, it has been proclaimed in Italy, and is being widely discussed in America. Autarchy means national isolation instead of national cooperation. It is an attempt to turn back the hands of the clock. If carried out, it would result in national infantilism. It would represent a recrudescence of tribalism. To make matters worse, Germany now insists on the race state, claiming a pure race in such a way as to make it a poor race. At the time when rapid communication and transportation had made possible religion's great hope—the brotherhood of man, the national state, the race state, the economic state, autarchy will all but frustrate it. Time was when people believed in the divine right of kings, but when it was exemplified with satanic might to human beings, it was cast aside. Time was when people believed in the divine right of priests, but when they became prophets of the plausible and champions of the "status quo" and the guardians of superstition, they were abandoned. Nations still, by insisting on their absolute sovereignty, believe in the divine right of statehood and as a result the world is filled with suspicion, distrust, malice, hatred, ill-will, and the threat of war. The divine right of humans yet remains to be born. That is the challenge of religion.

If our planet were attacked by Mars, Germany would forget her animosity for France, France for Germany, the British Empire would overlook her national hatreds, the Italian government would forget its trade rivalry, and the Japanese would cease to nurse evil suspicions against America, but all the nations on this planet would be united as never before against a common danger, an interplanetary war. No longer would we speak of "the yellow peril," "the fascist menace," "the communist propaganda," "the socialistic tendency," but we would unite against the common enemy, Mars. We are being attacked, not by the planet Mars but by the God of Mars, whose prophet is nationalism. Shall we proclaim ourselves morally and spiritually bankrupt and do less for peace than we would for war? Not until we can overlook the arbitrary, artificial, man-made distinctions between man and man and transcend national boundaries, racial differences, to see the God-made resemblances between man and man will God be the object of man's supreme desire and religion cease to have a dangerous and deadly rival.

For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see:
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be—
'Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world!

LOUIS L. MANN.

Robert G. Ingersoll—The Great Infidel*

For nearly a year I have been engaged in writing a life of Robert G. Ingersoll. I began my labors by visiting a great library devoted entirely to books on biography and American history. I said to the librarian, a woman of about forty years of age, "What have you on Robert G. Ingersoll?" A blank look came upon her face. "Robert G. Ingersoll, I will see," and she disappeared into the book stacks. She soon reappeared and called an assistant. They went into conference, and when they had finished the librarian came to me and said, "We seem to have nothing on or about Robert G. Ingersoll, er—, er—, what did he do?"

I was somewhat amazed. My mind went back some thirty-five years to a night which I spent in this same city. I had gone to one of the biggest theatres in the city, and found it literally packed to the doors by people who had come to listen to the great orator, Robert G. Ingersoll. As I remember, the admission fee was a dollar and many people had to be turned away.

After leaving the library mentioned above, I dropped into a large bookstore. "Anything on Robert G. Ingersoll?" I casually inquired. The clerk appeared puzzled, took a look at the book shelves and said, "Who is he?"

Incredible as it seems, I visited three libraries with practically the same experience as at the first. Robert G. Ingersoll is a forgotten man, save by a generation which is rapidly passing.

If he had lived until the present time, he would have celebrated his one hundredth anniversary last August. He was born in 1833, in the parsonage of a country church in Dresden, N. Y. His father, Rev. John Ingersoll, was an interesting character. He belonged to an old New England Puritan family, and he was a Puritan of the Puritans. As a preacher and a reformer he was a flaming prophet, with the courage and zeal of a Cromwell or a John Brown. Hating slavery with a perfect hatred, he never lost an opportunity of attacking it. A pioneer in fighting the liquor traffic, he was as outspoken against alcohol as against slavery. He was thoroughly orthodox in theology, a preacher of exceptional eloquence, and a man of herculean physical strength which he sometimes used to defend himself against the bad men of the border.

Ingersoll's mother was a Livingston, a member of the old New York family bearing that name. She was a gentle soul, very beautiful, and as courageous in her fight against slavery as her husband. She died while Robert was but an infant, leaving a large family of which Robert was the youngest.

I have taken the title of "Great Infidel," because of all the names applied to Robert G. Ingersoll, this is the one in which he seems to have had the most pride. One of the surprising things which I have discovered in my study of Ingersoll is that he belonged to the Puritans in every bone and fibre of his being. The Puritans were reformers, rebels, lovers of freedom, unterrified non-conformists who would have stormed the gates of Hell in their loyalty to their convictions. Ingersoll would have done the same, and while probably he would have denied it, Puritanism was sticking out all over him. Not the Puritanism of the caricaturists, which is as false as it is funny, but the real Puritanism which sent men across the seas into the American wilderness, or made them into a wall of iron at Naseby!

In his childhood, his father took pains to see that he read the Bible and studied theology. To insure results, the elder Ingersoll assigned a passage in the

*1933 was Robert G. Ingersol's centennial year. This article has been delayed, but is as welcome and valuable today as ever.—EDITOR.

Bible or a theological work, and giving his son a piece of candle he locked him into a darkened room. If he committed to memory the passage assigned while the candle lasted, he was liberated and commended. If he dallied and failed to complete the task while the candle burned, he had to stay in the inner darkness until he had time to reflect thoroughly on his shortcomings.

By nature he was a thinker, and with his keen intellect he had a loving, sympathetic heart.

He tells us of how his infidelity began. He went one day to a Free Baptist church where a rough but eloquent preacher told in vivid picturesque language the story of Dives and Lazarus. As the preacher pictured Dives tormented by thirst in Hell while Lazarus lolled in contentment in Abraham's bosom, the little eight-year old Robert listened with horror to think that no one was allowed to minister to the sufferer a few drops of water to cool his parched tongue. All at once the little boy arose and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he walked out saying to himself, "It is a lie; it is all a lie." From that day he was a relentless opponent of the old doctrine of hell fire, and a doubter as to the truth of the Bible and Christianity.

A few years later he accidently made the acquaintance of the poems of Robert Burns, most of which he committed to memory. Then came Paine's "Age of Reason," and the works of Voltaire.

In his early youth he had become an avowed infidel, and he never swerved while he had life.

When eighteen years of age, he was teaching school in a community where a revival was going on, and as it happened he was boarding at the same place as some of the revivalists. A rumor had reached them that this young school-master held some very unorthodox ideas. One day at the dinner table they asked his opinion about baptism. He paused and appeared to be considering with profound thought their question. Finally he said, "With soap I think it is a good thing." He lost his job as teacher and went to studying law. His law career was interrupted by the great Civil War. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the day, he assisted in raising a regiment of cavalry. For a few months he served with distinction, and won the title of "Colonel" which stayed with him as long as he lived. In all the derogatory things which his theological enemies said about him, nothing was more unwarranted or false than the charge made that he was cowardly in battle. But he was not fitted to be a soldier. Coming into conflict with the brilliant leader of Confederate cavalry, General Forrest, he was captured. After the battle he looked into the cold, dead face of a comrade who but a few minutes before had been strong and full of life's vigor, and his soul was filled with disgust and hatred of war and all that went with it. Soon he resigned, and in time became one of the most strenuous opponents of the bloody trade.

Shortly after the war he began to lecture as an anti-religionist. Soon he became the most popular lecturer in America. His eloquence was marvelous. His logic was keen and incisive. He riddled old superstitions and the dogmas of the supernatural. He appeared upon the stage at an opportune time. The new theory of evolution was just coming into the intellectual world. Darwin, Huxley and Spencer were furnishing him with ammunition. The old Orthodoxy was growing weak. His lectures under such titles as "The Gods," "The Mistakes of Moses," and "Man, Woman and Child," touched popular chords. Every liberal church in the country owes Robert G. Ingersoll an enormous debt for his brave, conscientious stand against the old, cruel ideas of religion.

Recently I said to a Methodist minister, "I am writing a life of Robert G. Ingersoll." He paused for a moment and said, "Be sure and put this one thing in it. He taught Christians how to be Christians."

It has been said that in his latter days Ingersoll was a Don Quixote charging windmills and attacking ideas that no longer existed. One critic said at the time of his death that he might have gone to many churches during the last twenty years of his life without ever hearing mentioned the doctrines which he so bitterly attacked. There is some truth in these criticisms. But, be it known, if the old doctrines and dogmas were no longer preached, it is because he had done as much as any man living to make them unpopular and to destroy them.

He hated sham, fraud, superstition, and cruelty. He ever championed the cause of the weak, the black man, the woman, the child, the animal, the defenseless.

He was a debater to be feared. His great debate with William Ewart Gladstone clearly demonstrated that the British orator might shine as a statesman or a classical scholar, but he was no match for the Great Infidel in religious controversy.

Ingersoll was not perfect in many ways. He was simply human but more richly endowed with brains, logic and eloquence than most humans. In politics he was a partisan and dogmatic as most of his opponents were in religion. The Republican Party can do no wrong, was his general attitude. This was because he knew the Republican Party when it was in its pristine glory as the champion of human freedom. He idolized Lincoln. His wonderful speech when he put the name of James G. Blaine in nomination for president at the Republican convention, in 1876, was a masterpiece. It was the making of Blaine who poorly requited the service done, and in the end lost the support of Ingersoll and the presidency.

He was well read but not a profound scholar. He was brilliant in mind but lacked the originality of Paine. He had definite and logical opinions, but was not a philosopher.

As a lawyer, orator, wit, and debater he had no equal in his day. Much has been said in criticism of his legal defense of the men accused in the Star Route Conspiracy. A careful study must convince any fair-minded person that there were many factors entering into this trial which were known to but few people. There were political animosities, financial jealousies, and personal enmities. Many of the men who were instrumental in pressing the prosecution were certainly corrupt and unprincipled themselves. As far as can be seen, Ingersoll's position was that his clients claimed to be innocent of intention to defraud the government, and he carefully drew a line between the specific charges against them and the many accusations made by those who believed them guilty.

He anticipated stories of death-bed repentance, and foolish legends of fear of death, and all those time-worn lies which are brought forth when brave heretics die. There is a grim humor in one particular story. It was retailed that in his dying moments one of his daughters asked him whether she should believe his views or those of her mother. He replied, "Take the religion of your mother." Those who know the re-

ligious views of his wife, who was if anything more pronounced in her antipathy to religion than her husband, can but smile at this childish story.

Had he been living today he might have found welcome in many Unitarian churches, especially those of the humanist type, without changing his views, but it is doubtful if he would have sought or valued such membership. He died as he lived a consistent, fearless free-thinker.

We need today not one, but many, Ingersolls to arouse a lazy, sentimental, supernatural-loving America out of its lethargy and smugness into a thinking, reasoning people.

GEORGE L. THOMPSON.

The Sacrilege at San Jose

It was in August of 1888, forty-five years ago, that I first saw San Jose, California, and this "Valley of the Heart's Delight" of which San Jose is the metropolis. Never since then has the charm of this, in my opinion the choicest section of the Pacific Coast, departed from me, though I have lived in practically every considerable area from Mexico City on the south to Seattle on the north. The designation given above might seem to the sophisticated American, familiar with the ways of our western realtors, a bit of sophomoric rhetoric for selling purposes only, but it is not so. After twelve years absence my wife and I have returned of choice to the Santa Clara Valley, and the immediate neighborhood of San Jose, as the region of such "heart's delight" for us neither the loveliness of Puget Sound, nor the charm of the orange groves of Southern California, can quite out-match. For climatic comfort, scenic beauty, natural fertility, cultivated completeness, educational advantage, historic association, and the proximity of a great population I know not where its surpassing rival will be found.

Nor are the people here, as a whole, so very different from the people throughout the English speaking world in communities of like size and generally agricultural habits. My first week in San Jose, as it happened, in that far summer of 1888, was marked by the presence there of John Alexander Dowie, later of Zion City fame, who initiated his American campaign in the old First Methodist Church, but a few steps from that St. James Park where the lynching of a few days ago occurred. Many years later I attended in San Jose the initiatory campaigns of Aimee Semple McPherson, who had also her launching here. San Jose is an orthodox town, ultra orthodox, some would say. But it has never lacked the liberal message, and some of the ablest liberals I have known in these forty-five years, West or East, have given long and competent service here. St. James Park itself is the scene of such freedom of speech on the part of liberals and radicals of every type as was denied the people of Los Angeles during the decade of years I have recently lived there. And Campbell, the nearby town from which the two kidnapers and murderers came, is one of the most decent and open-minded towns I know. However either or both of these communities may have been ill-advertised to the world by the double tragedy of exceptionally provocative crime and subsequent mob brutality the explanation is not to be found in local failure to measure up to the ordinary American level. On the whole, I would say, the level is a little higher here than will commonly be found.

Neither the crime, nor the enlargement of the offense by the mob, can be understood if viewed as local phenomena. It might have happened anywhere in the America I have known, and I have lived or traveled in almost every state of the Union.

There is more reason to regard the double tragedy as occasional than as local. That is, the period through which we are passing is one in which regression and social decadence are at such depths as mark most emphatically the present hour as peculiarly its own. The collapse of the peace movement, the unanimity with which the return of the liquor traffic has won irresponsible consent, the callousness of the public to the situation of the unemployed and the incomparably stupid mismanagement out of which this artificial poverty has come, the long hysteria of the patro-maniacs against Russia, the recrudescence of theological infantilisms, these, and a score of other symptoms which might be enumerated, indicate only too plainly to what degradation the ripeness of capitalism in the very fortress of its strength has brought the American people. To blame the phenomena on the World War is merely to evasively identify it with that which in itself was the convulsion that declared whatever has followed as close at hand.

Even the widespread confession of the respectables throughout the nation that the scandalous mal-administration of the law in these United States was a major factor in the popular outburst of demoniac fury is fallacious both as accounting for the facts in the case, or as promise of any serious correction of this collapse of the courts. That the courts are unworthy of the confidence and respect of decent people is being said now in quarters which would have frowned upon such indictment if uttered by less honorable people than themselves a little while ago, but the condition was there, open to the observation of anyone who would give honest judgment, and judgment unafraid. Forty years ago, when acting in an unpaid capacity as practically the chaplain of the Oregon penitentiary, and while yet infantile myself in economic understanding, I witnessed such alliance of the law with venal practices and vacuous imbecilities that never since have I have been able to recover any regard for the courts. But this also is incidental to the underlying evil which broke out in this ghastly exhibit in our valley in November of 1933. Governor Rolph's characteristically indecent comment is likewise being emphasized to the obscuring of what underlies the whole miserable world-menacing mess. It was altogether what was to be expected of him and the fact that he sits in his place was evidence beforehand of the pitiful pass to which we have come.

The lynchers will not be punished. The courts will not be considerably corrected. Kidnapping may be momentarily checked, but the organized crime-racketeering of which it is a present prominent phase, will go on, in one form or another. Three things are at the bottom of the whole matter. There is, first, the whole experience from the dawn of civilization of setting individual self-seeking on high, and of afford-

ing such individualism the largest possible run in the economic field. Primitive man, through long ages of primal development, lived in areas of social kinship which checked individual impulse to ride the back of the weak and the incapacitated. To this was added the weight of natural hardship, which made impracticable the individual's repudiation of social protection and mutual provision. With the rise of civilization the regime of the rugged individual was upon us, though the world waited for America to name it in the hour of its portending most universal collapse. We have allowed the over-rated cultural gains of the civilized epoch, a small part of the experience of man, to obscure for us the fact that from first to last the civilized centuries have been bankrupt, one extended exhibit of outrage against the common man. It is this age-long disease of civilization which has given us, as a kind of climacteric product, the present gangsterism and breakdown of social order in the United States which found local outlet in the happenings at San Jose.

The manifestation of the disease in the United States at this hour is so distinctive that Americanism may be enumerated as the second factor herein set forth. The world needed just such an incomparable natural environment, the advent of the machine and the rise to world primacy of American individualism to demonstrate the logic of civilization's general program. Protestantism was here to give its own particular emphasis to the philosophy of individual "getting on" as the law of life both for this world and the next. Self-help, which became in popular practice, "help yourself," was substitute both for the early Christian emphasis upon the Kingdom of God as a revolutionary social order and the dream of Medieval Catholicism of a Universal Church. The churches themselves accepted the sacrilegious doctrine that self-seeking was the only adequate incentive to effective living and would not so much as hear those who became apostles of a co-operative order. Dogmas and sentimentalisms became the convenient avenues of escape both in the orthodox and the liberal fields, and when the war-mad world called upon the people to rally to the defense of the monies which our financial Kings had loaned to the allies the churches of all orders became recruiting grounds for crime under social consent which so far exceeded the horrible doings now identified with the name of San Jose words cannot measure the distance between them.

Finally, there is the obvious explanation of why the processes of law and order have fallen into popular contempt wherever and whenever the people's feelings are profoundly outraged. My first understanding of it came during an Oakland pastorate in which one of my young men was done to death for a bit of money that was on him under circumstances quite as revolting as the murder of young Hart of San Jose. My first reaction was against our local police for their failure to check the rowdyism in our community out of which the crime had come. A little examination of the realities brought me face to face with the fact that the strands out of which the crime was woven underran the most respectable homes in Oakland. In a word the situation was this, that the two major millionaire corporations which dominated Oakland politics were in league with the underworld of Oakland to secure their own desired special privileges through consent to lawlessness at the other end of society. *The purchasers of special privilege and the vendors of vice made necessary to their mutual aims incompetence and corruptibility from end to end of the local order. The law, and the interpreters and administrators of the law were the immediate point of attack, and the largest rewards for unfaithfulness were in that area.* There was respectable prostitution in the ministry, in the teaching profession, but the pay for service there was as nothing to the richest rewards of the law. That is what is the matter with the law, and will be the matter as long as the price of prostitution is in the hands of a privileged class who have primary need of service there.

Neither the crime which initiated the lynching in San Jose, nor the lynching itself, were made in California. Civilization has made them and will continue to make them till democracy means devotion to the common welfare in a society where self-seeking has been outlawed and suppressed. America has made this mess of self-aggrandisement through the enthronement of self-interest only more emphatic by reason of the emphasis of exceptional opportunity. Big business, by its accumulations of vast bodies of dubiously acquired wealth, has stimulated to devilish activity the device of seizing upon the holders of wealth or their children, and holding them for ransom. *And the immediate servants of Big Business, the administrators of law, have wrecked the law that would protect the business man's home in enabling him to build up predatory practices the money that singles out his home for especial attack.*

But back of it all is the sacrilege of a civilization which lifts selfishness to the throne of God.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Prayer Laughter

We pray with laughter, God.
Beseeching weighs the lips of youth.
Orisons mumble . . falter . . .
It is so dull a thing
To crouch and plead.

God, let us stand erect
Here in your sunlight
And bring you homage,
Lilting as the rain.

We laugh to thank you for the beauty of earth,
To fling defiance down,
To rout the dark,
Or smile, mysterious
With the peace of love.

Like forest pools when stars
Slip through the trees to touch them,
So shall our laughter
Light the heavy earth
With living silver.

A drifting time ago
David was young.
His harp sang clearly
On the ancient hills.

It is to David's God
Out of our youth we sing,
And reach his altars
With our reverent laughter.

FRANCES WARNER STOAKLEY.

The Study Table

Nothing Is Settled That Is Not Settled Right
New Light on the Sacco-Vanzetti Case

Who Did the Crime for Which They Went to the Electric Chair?

We who loved and honored Sacco and Vanzetti have felt no need of further evidence that they were innocent of the double murder, with the robbery of a payroll on the streets of South Braintree for which they went to the electric chair; yet our faith in them left unsolved the mystery who did the terrible deed for which they died. Thus for us the publication of a book entitled "The Untried Case" must have a compelling interest. Its author, Herbert B. Ehrmann, came into the case in its very last phases to help the men's counsel, William G. Thompson, run down the clues which were given on November 18, 1925, when a fellow inmate went to Sacco's cell with a slip of paper on which was written:

I hereby confess to being in the South Braintree shoe company crime and Sacco and Vanzetti was not in said crime.—*Celestino F. Madeiros.*

The trusty who delivered this message went a few minutes later again to Sacco's cell to find him leaning against the wall, trembling, and with his eyes full of tears. "I must speak to my friend," he said, "I must send this to my lawyer." And when his lawyer, Mr. Thompson, came out to the Dedham jail to interview Madeiros, he had Sacco present, who from time to time would break in with a "For Jesus' sake tell the truth."

This written confession was not the first attempt which Madeiros had made to open up the subject with Sacco. For months previous, before his own trial for the murder of the cashier of the Wrentham National Bank when he and Sacco were occupying adjoining cells, he would say: "Nick, I know who did the job for which you are held." But Nick Sacco took no heed, assuming that the man was perhaps a spy planted near him, as the spy Carbone had been planted, to try to elicit confidences which might trap him. And when Madeiros became more explicit, so harmful was his confession deemed to be to his own case which was then pending before the Supreme Judicial Court, that it was not until a new trial had been granted him and he had again been found guilty, that Mr. Ehrmann was employed to follow up the many clues, some of them contradicting each other, which he had given.

Here in brief is the story Madeiros told: He was called for, so he said, in Providence, Rhode Island, in the early morning of April 15, 1920, by four Italians —he later admitted that one of them was a Pole or a Finn, in a five seated Hudson car. They drove first to a speakeasy in Andrew Square, Boston, to get information about the payroll, the capture of which was the object of their undertaking. They left, returned to Providence and started again later, and stopping at various speakeasies for a drink on the way, arrived finally in a piece of thick woods in Randolph which is three and a half miles from South Braintree. There they were met by "another Italian" (later identified as Mike Morelli), who was driving the Buick car from which the murder was done and which was well described by many witnesses, they leaving the Hudson with "this Italian," and at about 3:15, they transferred back to it, with two men left murdered on the streets of South Braintree. They had driven into South Braintree at about 2:45, Madeiros said, and there three of their party had gotten out, leaving the driver and Madeiros in the car, the latter armed with a pistol to keep off the crowd "in case there was a rush." Presently they heard shots fired and the driver at once started the car, his companions on the street throwing in the loot and piling in afterwards, while the car was already moving. The exit from South Braintree was described by many witnesses at the trial, how shots were fired from the car to the right and the left, and tacks were dropped on the streets to puncture the tires of possible pursuers.

The car started slowly "because it was going upgrade," so Madeiros said, under cross examination, and thus corroborating testimony of witnesses of the scene at the trial. They drove a short distance and then, as the car gathered speed, it turned sharply to the right, through South Braintree, and so reached the Hudson which was awaiting them in the woods at Randolph. They transferred into this Hudson with the payroll of $15,776, all done up in separate envelopes for the many hundred employees, and leaving the Buick in the care of the "other Italian."

As the bandits drove out of the patch of woods, a discussion arose as to the shortest cut to reach a little frequented road to Providence, and they drove into the yard of a house at the corner of Oak and Orchard streets, and made an inquiry there of a woman. Then they "backed up just a little and swung round," said Madeiros, and drove by the little used road back to Providence.

Now it so happened that several years later, Madeiros went to live in Randolph, and from a lad named Thomas, he learned that a woman named Mrs. Hewins lived in the house at the corner of Oak and Orchard Street into which his party had driven on April 15, 1920, on their way home from the murder. And we may be sure that Mr. Thompson lost no time in going himself to Randolph to hear Mrs. Hewins' own account of the occurrence. She corroborated the story which Madeiros had told in every point. And she said she had been interviewed by the government and had attended the trial for two days, but was not put on the stand, she did not know why. To Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann it was obvious that she was not asked to testify because her account of the appearance of the bandits did not accord with the theory which the government was trying to make good—that Vanzetti was driving the car, he wearing an immense mustache, where the men whom Mrs. Hewins describes were shaven. And Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann argue that Mrs. Hewins' evidence was of peculiar importance as her existence came to their knowledge only through Madeiros' confession. This is but one of many points in which Madeiros cleared up discrepancies and filled in gaps in the case as the government presented it.

As to the men who did the crime with which Sacco and Vanzetti were charged, although Madeiros refused to name them, attempting "to shield his crowd" as Mr. Ehrmann expresses it, he spoke of a gang in Providence "who were being prosecuted for robberies from freight cars," and again he said he had told the same story to others, claiming that if Sacco and Vanzetti's friends were not able to get them off that he himself would confess. And when asked to name these "others," he had spoken of Barney Monterio, former keeper of

a disreputable roadhouse called the Blue Bird Inn at Seekonk, R. I., where he had worked as a "bouncer," and of one James F. Weeks who had driven the car at the time the cashier of the Wrentham Bank was murdered—the crime for which Madeiros was under indictment. Inquiring from these as to the gang in Providence, on trial for freight car robberies, Mr. Ehrmann was able to finally name the whole bunch, where the government had been able to name only Sacco and Vanzetti, with very questionable evidence against the former and with scarce a shred of evidence against the latter—his counsel in his closing argument having said, "The only thing alleged against him was that he had been born! . . . " The funny point of the trial was that the payroll, the stealing of which was the occasion of the murders, was lost sight of,—no sign of it being found on Sacco or Vanzetti or any of their friends, while they continued their lives as working men and made tedious journeys in the trolley cars in defense of Salseda and Elia, so-called reds, in whose behalf they were engaged in getting up a meeting in Brockton, a town adjacent to South Braintree.

The men to whom Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann pointed as guilty of the murders in So. Braintree as an incident of a payroll robbery crime with which Sacco and Vanzetti were charged were Joe Morelli, head of the gang which bears his name, under suspicion because he was urgently in need of big money for the trial which he was about to undergo, and still more from his extraordinary likeness to Sacco in height, in build, and in facial appearance, so much so that when witnesses for the government were shown his picture among others, they had identified him, saying—"Yes, there is Sacco." More particularly one witness for the defense, who had stood on the sidewalk as the bandit car was getting started in its escape and had been shot at, with vile words thrown at him by the murderer who was leaning far out to the right, when shown Sacco in jail where he was awaiting trial, had been positive—"This is not the man"; but when he was shown Morelli's picture in a group of others, had first glanced at them all casually, and then looking again more carefully had slapped his hand on Morelli's picture exclaiming—"That's the fellow! That's the fellow who pointed his pistol at me yelling—'Get out of the way, you son of a b——!' "

Besides Joe Morelli's physical likeness to Sacco was the fact that when questioned at Leavenworth Prison, he had declared that he did not even know where South Braintree was located; yet his court record showed that five of the nine charges under which he had been found guilty were stealing from shoe factories in that very town! A minor point against him was that at the time of the South Braintree murder he was found to have owned several Colt .32 automatics, and thus the "fatal bullet"—the one piece of tangible evidence produced against Sacco, might have been fired as "consistently" by either of the men.

The other man suspected as having done the shooting was a famous crook in New York and in Providence by the name of Tony Mancini. At the time of the Madeiros confession, Mancini was serving time for manslaughter at Auburn, N. Y. Mr. Ehrmann visited him there, but could get no word to tie him to the South Braintree crime. But "somewhere," Mr. Ehrmann reflected, "this criminal might have left a tell-tale fact more eloquent than his own guarded speech." Then he bethought himself of the gun and bullet testimony at the Sacco-Vanzetti trial, where six bullets extracted from the bodies of the two murdered men had been in evidence, and no theory advanced as to by whom five of them had been fired.

This led Mr. Ehrmann to carefully review the pistol and the bullet evidence at the original and only trial, which was long before either he or Mr. Thompson had been in the case. He found, as has been said, no theory advanced as to who had fired these five bullets, but an immense amount of testimony as to the gun from which they came, Captain Proctor of the State Police stating positively that they had all been fired from a Savage, while Charles A. VanAmburgh believed them "consistent" with having been so fired. Both of these men declared themselves ignorant of foreign weapons. Both of them testified for the government. As against their testitmony was that of expert Burns, ballistic engineer of the U. S. Cartridge Company, testifying for the defense, who had been certain that these bullets had all been fired through a foreign automatic of 7.65 calibre and designated the "Steyer" make. After the trial closed, with a verdict of guilty not only against Sacco but likewise against Vanzetti—though on what evidence it is difficult to say—Albert H. Hamilton, a gun expert of large experience, had examined both the pistols, the bullets, and likewise the shells picked up from the ground, as to which latter none of the experts had expressed an opinion. Mr. Hamilton used a microscope which measured one millionth of an inch and had photographs taken of these highly magnified exhibits. From certain markings on the "fatal bullet," he was convinced that it positively had not passed through Sacco's pistol, and on the other five bullets he found markings which were not matched by any pistol of American make. Moreover, on the shells he found an ejector or a claw mark which was made by no American pistol and which proved of necessity that they had been fired by some pistol of foreign manufacture.

And there the matter rested from April, 1923, to the month of May, 1926, when Mr. Ehrmann raised the question, could Mancini be found with a pistol which fitted these bullets and these unusual claw marked shells? Accordingly, the day after his seemingly fruitless interview with Mancini at Auburn Prison, he went to New York City. And judge his excitement when he learned that Mancini, at the killing for which he was serving a twenty year sentence, had used a Star automatic of 7.65 calibre and numbered 70480, which had dropped on the ground two shells and which carried seven undischarged cartridges. "This pistol," said the record, "is not manufactured in America, and the only known agent is reported to be Adolph Frank, Hamburg, Germany." It was moreover learned that Mancini had carried this same pistol in Providence, R. I., at the time of the South Braintree murders. Thus, over the lapse of years, it was found that there had been present in South Braintree on April 15, 1920, a weapon of this peculiar description—"spitting its message of death and dropping shells marked by the tell-tale foreign ejector claw."

The other men named as having been in the murder party, besides Madeiros himself to whom the part had been assigned of guarding the car against a possible "rush" by on-lookers, was Joe Morelli's brother Frank, and the driver, a lad named Steve Benkosky, called Steve the Pole, who was so plainly seen

and so uniformly described that the government was forced to accept him, instead of Vanzetti. Madeiros attempted to shield his pal by saying that he was "in Canada." Mr. Ehrmann, however, traced him to his home in Pawtucket, where a broken hearted sister told of a knock at the door in the early hours of the morning, to find her brother's body riddled with bullets. And it gives a human quality to men engaged in such desperate pursuits, when Mr. Ehrmann comments:

Whatever else this young man may have been, it was apparent that he was an idol in his family and had shared with them his moments of prosperity.

Still another member of the murder gang, though he did not appear on the streets of South Braintree, was Mike Morelli. Mr. Ehrmann first got word of him in Providence where, inquiring about him, he was referred to the New Bedford police. At headquarters there he found that at the words "Madeiros" and "Sacco and Vanzetti" the officers were all alert. It appeared that a day or so before the South Braintree murders Sergeant Jacobs had noted in his pocket book that Mike Morelli had been seen on the street driving a new Buick car bearing number plates "R. I. 154 E." He had made a note of this, being sure that the car must have been stolen. On the afternoon of April 15, about two hours after the murders, he saw the same car with the same number-plates driving into New Bedford. And about a week later, he saw a Cole car, which was known to be the property of the Morelli gang in Providence, but which bore the same registration—"R. I. 154 E."—standing in front of Joe Fiore's restaurant. Inside was Frank Morelli and two other Italians. The two cars with the changed number-plates, plus the reputation of the Morellis, plus the fact that Joe Morelli was about to stand trial for robberies from the very shoe factory whose payroll had been stolen, led the New Bedford police to question whether they were not guilty of the South Braintree murders. When, however, Sacco and Vanzetti were held for the crime, the matter dropped. And it speaks eloquently of Mr. Ehrmann's industry and of his skill that from disconnected facts such as these he was able to build up a case as convincing as a carefully constructed detective story. "Madeiros could not have been lying," so he comments as the evidence was taking on body, "because only a miracle of chance could so favor a liar, and such miracles do not happen."

The one and only possible "out" which the government argued against Madeiros' story was that he could give no account of South Braintree. But Mr. Thompson and Mr. Ehrmann argued that, huddled as he was in the back of the car with its curtains down so that no one had caught a glimpse of his face, scared to death and half drunk, his lack of observation suggested that he was not making up a story but that he told all he knew. To me later, in an as-it-were involuntary confession, a sort of half whisper, he had said—"I had a sort of epileptic fit!" a malady to which it was well known that he was subject. Re-reading what he had said to Mr. Thompson in their first interview where he had explained his lack of knowledge by "the condition I was in," one gets confirmation that his words told the very truth.

Shall we be surprised, as Mr. Ehrmann was, that the trial judge refused to consider the many points in Madeiros' story which it would seem should surely have entitled it to his serious consideration? Shall we be surprised that he refused to question Madeiros himself, and that State investigators were used to thwart Mr. Ehrmann's inquiries instead of helping to unravel the story? The course the government took cannot surprise anyone who sat in at the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti and at the many hearings which followed when affidavits were presented on new and again on new evidence, asking that another trial be granted. Nor should it surprise anyone who remembers the Scottsboro lads, Negroes on trial before white men, nor those who remember Tom Mooney and Billings, in prison now for over seventeen years on evidence shown later to have been that of perjurers—one of them shown by letters from himself to have been ninety miles from San Francisco when he swore he had seen Mooney place the bomb, and with the high courts and the governor still refusing to take cognizance of the new evidence.

At two minutes past the hour of midnight when August 22nd passed into August 23rd in 1917, while a small group watched at the Women's City Club, Celestinos F. Madeiros went to the electric chair, to be followed by Nicola Sacco and then by Bartolomeo Vanzetti. As this judicial murder was committed, the State Prison was guarded by swarms of soldiers armed with guns and tear bombs, sirens blew, and a reporter dashed from the State House down Beacon Street crying—"It is done!" Mr. Ehrmann said in chronicling the event, "History had written that the execution of a thief was necessary to a perfect Calvary."

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

Via Dolorosa

While America's presses hum with tracts telling "the way out," Mr. Gilbert Seldes interrupts the clamor with a prosaic recital* of America's agony—a Calvary unrivalled in her annals both for duress and for duration. Taking as his motif "the contemplation of things as they are," he proceeds to weave a voluminous tapestry wherein is depicted, in methodical detail, the mournful pageant margined by those years 1929-1932: a heart-breaking spectacle, but one which merits the utmost attention.

The panoply of the commonplace, its vistas reveal minutely the undulations of the depression from the "panic boom" just before the stock market crash to the downfall of Herbert Hoover. All the long flower-strewn way between there tumbles an ordered chaos of extravagant bourgeoise; installment plan catastrophies; bankrupt bankers; victimized millions; despairing industrialists; gallows humorists; routed revivalists; bewildered intellectuals; confused relief workers; adroit European diplomats; irate bonus armies; puzzled Presidents; frenzied Reconstruction financiers; would-be dictators; Dantonesque Democrats; marching mobs—the entire procession being informed by a cold precise analysis notable for detachment but lacking in profundity. Thus Mr. Seldes concludes, among other things, that the catastrophe was perfectly natural—that it was preventable—and that its successive devastations were determined primarily by our attitude towards it: his diagnosis, when some minor defects have been allowed for, must be conceded to be convincing.

And, although from this heartless, rather sophomoric study, a suffering America may not discover the way

*"The Years of the Locust," by Gilbert Seldes. Published by Little Brown & Co. $3.00.

out, it is well worth her consideration, since it contains the truth (or a facet of it); and truth, or its contemplation, as Mr. Seldes observes at the outset, is always to be commended.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

The Young Stamp Collector's Own Book*

There were no such books for us when we were boys. We had to learn our own ways by hit and miss methods. Recently we reviewed an excellent little work of this kind from the John Day Company. To-day it is a larger book from the Bobbs-Merrill Company, aimed at somewhat older readers. It is true that the author says it is for boys from eight years to high-school age. It is best adapted to boys of fourteen or fifteen years. It is well written, well illustrated and eminently practical. All of the twenty-six chapters are interesting—perhaps those on *the catalogue, the making the stamp,* and *special collections* are the best. The author emphasizes the subject of special collections, and gives many useful hints regarding them. As boys, we used to dream of filling all the pages in our album and possessing all the known stamps. Those days are past. Even the King of England and President Roosevelt, both enthusiastic collectors, do not aim at such completeness. The idea of special collections—either for beauty, for instruction, for amusement—is to the fore. In this book the possibilities of a stamp "zoo" are suggested from the *agama* lizard of Liberia to the *zebra* of Nyassa; of an atlas of map-stamps running from Australia to Venezuela; of an air-post series from the whole world. Indeed, the subjects for special collection are almost inexhaustible. Most collectors take a single country, or a country with its colonies, or a continent, for a field. The book contains an excellent chapter on organizing and conducting a stamp club; it abounds in useful hints. The two most unusual features of the book are the supplementary chapters—*where is it?* and *what it means and Index.* These will remain of use to the boy well on into his high-school years. The first contains every title relating to a place that can be found on a stamp, whether complete or abbreviated, arranged in alphabetical order. A capital brief statement is given in each case and the section as a whole will enable the boy to locate almost every stamp. The idea of combining an index with definitions is a good one and is well carried out. The book is a fine present for a boy and the author's assumption that parents are interested and wish to help the young collector is refreshing.

FREDERICK STARR.

*"The Young Stamp Collector's Own Book." Ellis Parker Butler. Indianapolis: 1933. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 16 mo. pp. xviii. 19—342. Price $2.75.

Louisiana Sunday

You think the levee holds the river back
And nothing more?
You've never seen the levee.

Slight green wall,
Tenuous filet,
Baffling the beating madness of the Flood.
Ribbon enhanced by reverence in the spring.

Almost a God,—
Romantic terror!

Danger passes,
Passion dies.

As when the children of its worshippers
Climb to the lap and bosom of some image,
Playing their games in perfect peace of spirit,
Familiars with what some time was remote;
So with the swarthy children of the levee:—
The narrow tendon swells,
Not merely length, now,—
Broadness, enough for all of life:

Here is a ragged parliament,
Sprawling its lazy limbs,
Here where the green is splashed with pink,
Red, blue,—little purple—
Painted without restraint,—
Hags making laws for levee life
(As if to be obeyed).

They are but a phase, a time of life,
Legislators.
Sunlight streams,
Hotness steams.
To-day they sweated in kitchens,
Grumbling.
This is different;
This is Sunday afternoon,
Their kind, their life.

Lovers stroll,
Slim silhouettes against the rolling mound;
Arms interlaced with bodies.
No need here for stimulus of silence,
Darkness and the moon.
This is romance,
This walking out, so everyone can see.

Clubhouse for laborers, swapping bawdy tales,
Wetting their lustful lips,
Slapping their swarthy thighs and laughing loud,—
Savage shriek thwarted.
Girls are a greedy, lickerish lot,
The tempting trash!

Young bucks dance,
Bodies unscrewed and limp,
Limbs beating tom toms on the padded dampness,
Beat mixed with beat, a crazy shouting rhythm,
Solemn for all the abandon of their joy,
Jungle solemnity.
Grinning girls pass, glancing with wishful eyes,
Still virgins, young enough for downcast lids.
Hankering to stay:
Lured by the strangely lettered wayside scrawls
Summoning them to buy Sabbatic ice-cream.

Shrimpsnares;
Death in a smelly squareness.
Cattle crunching the common meadow.
Big-eyed children, braided black wool.
Boys play baseball,
Conformists yet.

Sinners shout,
Swaying their bodies in a frenzied fear,
Stirred by the stern assurance of the exhorter,
Creatures entranced, they cry "Lord, Lord, I'm ready."
Lusting for life, they plunge into the water:
Complete immersion in the Mississippi,—
A torture that's a Dionysian jaunt.

Lonely figure,
Drab spot,
Tinged with the wistfulness of all earth's dreamers.
Boats on the river (the Gulf's not far away),
Down on the road the smell of gasoline,
Tempting smell,
Torturing spell,
Tearing at ropes that fasten wage-bound feet,
Redolent vapor, tokening foot-free men
(Seeing the world all shut up in glass cages).

And you think levees hold the river back?
Nothing more?

RUTH ATLAS BINSTOCK.

Correspondence

The AAA

Editor of UNITY:

I want to commend you for the vigorous manner in which you condemned the Administration's agricultural relief policy. Paying farmers for withholding land from cultivation and for destroying part of their crops and loaning them money on the balance, and buying gold at a premium, all for the purpose of raising the commodity price level, and thus restoring prosperity strikes me as being neither an ethical nor feasible way to accomplish even so justifiable an end. Rather, do I favor making all natural resources available to all workers, upon equal terms, for the production and extraction of food, and all other nature commodities. And instead of federal reserve bank, national bank, and United States demand note currency—backed by a bit of gold and profuse promises to pay—together with a restricted amount of silver currency, I am in favor of an intrinsic value currency consisting of treasury certificates of deposit issued by the government, against any and all staple, storable commodities, placed in custody of the government. The certificates to be legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, and redeemable in any commodity in custody of the government. Subject, however, to provision against withdrawal for the purpose of hoarding. All commodity production for public use to be under licensed supervision of a Department of Industrial Relations. All commodity prices to be fixed at par with gold, to be determined by the ascertained average energy cost of production in relation to production cost of gold.

Such a medium of exchange would greatly facilitate the exchange of both commodities and personal services by placing producers immediately in position to buy—not having first to sell their own products. With this kind of exchange current salesmanship, which now consumes more than half the industrial energy of the people and fails in keeping the channels of commerce unchoked of unsold goods, would become only a minor clerical task, the task of checking commodities in and out of government warehouses.

W. P. CALKINS.

Montebello, California.

Our Smooth-Speaking Prophets

Editor of UNITY:

In this time of chaos and confusion and threatened wrack of all the noblest, fairest hopes of men, two insistent voices demand, beseech, besiege the ears of all our modern leaders, teachers, prophets, seers. The loudest, most insistent, most oft-repeated voice says to our seers, "See not," and to our prophets, "Speak unto us smooth things." This myriad-throated apprehensive, fear-smitten voice arises from unnumbered pews and gatherings of men and smites the troubled ears of the leaders and the prophets of the Lord.

"Speak unto us smooth things, soft and comforting things, conservative, consoling things. Pour oil upon our troubled waters. Our world is upside down. We do not know just why or how, and scarcely dare to try to think. But speak not to us radical, disturbing, controversial things; speak smooth and gentle things that will restore our sense of fat prosperity as of yore."

Small wonder that our leaders and our seers who in the turmoil of the present have pondered on the records of the past and the fates of races and of men, listen with uneasy consciences and with tingling ears!

But this insistent voice which calls for silence or the smooth consoling things, is heard in even more demanding tones from those who sit in seats of power—from lords of wealth and industry and empire. Their tones sound like commands of those long wont to be obeyed. Their modest message runs somewhat like this, "Shoemaker stick to your last"; or "preacher, stick to your innocuous platitudes, your glittering generalities, your pious respectabilities. Don't be meddling with industrial problems, economic problems, labor problems, military problems, or the sacred capitalistic regime, for by this craft (graft?) we have our wealth." Leave these things to our experts. Preach the gospel (the revised version according to Saint Mammon): "This do, and ye shall surely live." Otherwise you might as well hunt a new job. Speak unto us smooth things and everything will be lovely. And verily it is not to be marveled at that the mellifluous tones of one soft-speaking prophets overwhelmingly predominate over all others in our churches and schools and lecture halls and editorial sanctums.

But there is another voice that more and more is penetrating now the ears and consciences of our leaders and prophets. A voice withal neither smooth nor soft, nor comforting, nor vague. What a startling contrast is its ringing message, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions." A searching, stern and stressful message for stormy times. And here and there through the din of our falling gorgeous castles built upon the sand we hear a few such ringing voices—bold John the Baptists in the wilderness who cry aloud and spare not. Make no mistake. These are the prophets of the only hope for our depressed, debauched, deluded world. The prophets of repentance, reversal and of utter change, the prophets of a new and better world.

VIGILAX.

Seattle, Washington.

Uncivilized Governments

Editor of UNITY:

Retrenchment in education continues, unabated, to undermine America's greatest institution—the free public school. The federal government has failed to respond to desperate pleas for aid to the schools in their present crisis. At the same time, the Government has embarked upon an unprecedented program of military expenditure—forgetting the warnings of Thomas Paine and Woodrow Wilson, that a big military establishment and democracy are mutually exclusive. Militarism is grounded on the principle of compulsory cooperation, in which authority proceeds from above; while democracy, on the other hand, is based on the principle of voluntary cooperation, in which authority proceeds from below. The fate of the German people and the impending disaster in Japan should serve to warn the republican nations of the world of the inherent dangers of militarism.

Six hundred million dollars has been appropriated for the army and navy budget for the current fiscal year. Four hundred million more has been set aside from the Public Works fund to build battleships, army posts and bombing planes—all in the face of the dis-

astrous decline in educational services. If these vast sums were spent on building international friendship; on schoolhouses; for paying teachers' salaries; for the relief of the destitute aged; for slum clearance and eugenic clinics—if this were done, a chain of public good would have been established, a chain composed of links of happiness which would eventually encircle the earth.

Winston Churchill has recently indicted the American government for increasing its naval armament, while preaching armament reduction over world-wide radio hookups. The indictment is sound, and would be equally sound if applied to England. The government of England has been a notorious offender in disregarding the rights of helpless non-combatant countries. Beginning with the unannounced bombardment of Copenhagen in 1800, she has never hesitated to apply her great naval power to the purpose of carrying out her rapacious imperial strategies, even when they have involved the occupation of neutral ports and territories and the ruthless suppression of resentful populations—one of the last exploits of this kind being the seizure of Salonica, Greece.

The United States has followed the same invariable military procedure in Hawaii, in the Philippines, and in the Caribbean countries. The ink was scarcely dry on President McKinley's message declaring that "forcible annexation was not to be thought of," when General Otis, the American commander in the Philippines, issued a written proclamation saying that he would listen to nothing, explain nothing, until American sovereignty was unconditionally accepted by a people living 8,000 miles from our shores, alien alike in race, religion and language, and which had never at any time acknowledged any allegiance of any sort to America, but had set up an independent government of its own. And it took two years of iron-heeled aggression to bring the Filipinos into subjection to our benevolent sovereignty.

Reprehensible as is the conduct of the abhorrent ruling military junta in Japan, it has not committed an act of aggression, nor a crime, nor a cruelty that has not been committed, at one time or another, by England and the United States.

Big military establishments are not used to protect the nation, but to grasp and maintain dominion—to enforce the will of the strong upon the weak; to enslave backward countries; to enrich the few imperialist bankers and industrial pirates; and to impoverish the nation.

"The most unprofitable of all commerce is that connected with foreign dominion. To a few individuals it may be beneficial . . . but to the nation it is a loss. The expense of maintaining dominion more than absorbs the profits of any trade. It does not increase the general quantity in the world, but operates to lessen it; and as a greater mass would be afloat by relinquishing dominion, the participation without the expense would be more valuable than a greater quantity with it. . . .

"The idea of having navies for the protection of commerce is delusive. It is putting the means of destruction for the means of protection. Legitimate commerce needs no other protection than the reciprocal interest which every nation feels is supporting it—it is common stock—it exists by a balance of advantages to all; and the only interruption it meets, is from the present uncivilized state of governments, and which it is our common interest to reform. . . ."—*Paine*, "Rights of Man."

R. J. WESTLAKE.

South Charleston, Ohio.

To UNITY Subscribers:

I will be grateful to any subscriber of UNITY if he will consider mailing to me, at the address listed below, his copies of UNITY, as he finishes reading them. I will put each copy to excellent use. I have made it a habit, for sometime now, to mail my UNITY to editors of prominent newspapers, to college professors, prominent Protestant ministers, Federation of Churches officers, etc. The response has been superb! Will you, friends, remember me in this connection? Thank you.

One who considers UNITY magazine a college extension course,

(MRS.) HENRIETTE POSNER,
552 Humboldt St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 150)

failed to note that young intellectual mothers were developing fear psychoses and their husbands restraining themselves in "alert patience" up to the point of violent revolution, because of economic insecurity or the threat of it, if their "ideals and enthusiasm" were to continue. Young ministers with families, and professors who teach *life*, are being robbed of their meager stipends. A graduate from a prominent seminary turning down an offer of $5,000 per year as an official in a dishonest union, had "nothing left but ideals and enthusiasm." The perfectly human equation involved raises the question as to how long he will have even those left.

For life is a going concern. If it is thwarted in one respect, it will seek other means of expression. Youth will bear a deferred, free, creative, adult work-choice and love-choice for months, perhaps years, even a decade; but if this hope of the "right to life" is absolutely frustrated or likely to be frustrated over an entire life-time, there are only two alternatives of choice—either to *conform* to the inevitable and escape the biting and bitter inequities of life through various irrelevant, non-creative or even socially destructive amusements and habits (for example, sexual irresponsibility and banditry), or continued *revolt* against the senile, life-denying social order, and this means constant economic and social impoverishment for youth. This latter way *may* be "life" in that it demonstrates "irritability in an unpleasant environment," but it is a kind of life that ends up in disillusionment and despair. It is robbed of the basis of a normally creative life—free adult mate-parental and work choice; hence its glory falls, drop by drop, from its sky.

Whether lust and greed or sexual and economic blindness and stupidity are the causes underlying the present debacle, may be a matter of opinion. Certainly the Victorian distrust of the sex impulse has gone hand in hand with sex exploitation in "arranged marriages," which ordinarily mean either marriage without love (but with property) or sex without marriage (with no property and possibly no love). There follows sexual irresponsibility or "looseness" on the one hand, and banditry on the other, both of which are roundly condemned by those well-meaning but deluded persons-

in-power at home, in business or politics (or church!) who, first of all, do not allow their children to grow up into adulthood with a normal understanding of themselves or the other sex, and in the second place, make it impossible for them to maintain themselves economically if they even pretend they are "grown-up" by assuming mate and parental responsibility. They are not allowed to play the game of real life for themselves; they must content themselves with "blind man's buff"—or bluff. Then they are roundly condemned because they "do not know life" as their fond papas and mamas "know life." Their "superiors," or at least "elders," keep the privilege and power of economic and home security for themselves, and many even exploit youth in order to continue maintaining that privilege. "Take care of the aged and the children; let the young people look out for themselves," is the cry. What a thoughtful consideration for "the hope of the world"!

When intelligent religious leaders are approached with questions as to the road ahead, one of them, steeped in 19th century liberal thought, still thinks that by appealing to the sweet reasonableness and kindliness of a group of politically and economically impotent folk the new era of peace and goodwill will be automatically ushered in. His rationalizations are clear enough, but he is blind to the intrenched greed and stupidity of the conservative men-of-power who hold the reins. He finds himself dropping back into an economic fatalism which philosophically refutes the liberalism of his religious *Weltanschauung*. Another brilliant social critic with no reformist (via the rationalistic road) illusions cherishes radical political theories but is seemingly fatalistic as to the inevitability of another world war with its widespread human misery. Coupled with this attitude he swings into a religious conservatism of the priestly variety. "The catastrophic phases of history are inevitable. Widespread misery and suffering are inextricably interwoven with the coming of birth of mankind. We need to teach people how to bear injustice."

Though these comments may not do justice to the philosophy of the men involved, they at least do a great deal to the "ideals and enthusiasm" of "the hope of the world." Admittedly, the deepest depths of present day social life are being unhinged from their traditional "*Anhaenglichkeiten*" in every sphere. The religious resources of authoritarianism and faith in Providence have been dissipated by the machine, that unmerciful mother of our entire modern industrial social order, in which human life is permitted to be nothing but a commodity, to be bought and sold and junked like any piece of machinery. A priestly religion is certainly not adequate to the needs of the times, even though the signs, "Only Priests Wanted," can be found on most church doors today. It means only pious godlessness to countless youth today who want to do nothing more than live in a real way through significantly creative work and love. One needs more than mere words from priests and politicians to make this possible; one needs even more than "only ideals and enthusiasm" to make it realizable.

The dilemma for youth is reasonably clear. Strachey in his "Coming Struggle for Power" speaks of three alternatives, either commit suicide, or join the communist party, or sink into the arms of the Roman Catholic church. Youth in Latin America, China, Russia, India, Germany (why not America likewise?) know only two alternatives—fawn or fight. And who can blame "the hope of the world" for not fawning?

"Young people, you are the hope of the world!"

"Oh, yes? *Whose* hope for *what kind* of world?"

What chance *has* youth?

WALTER VOGELMANN.

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